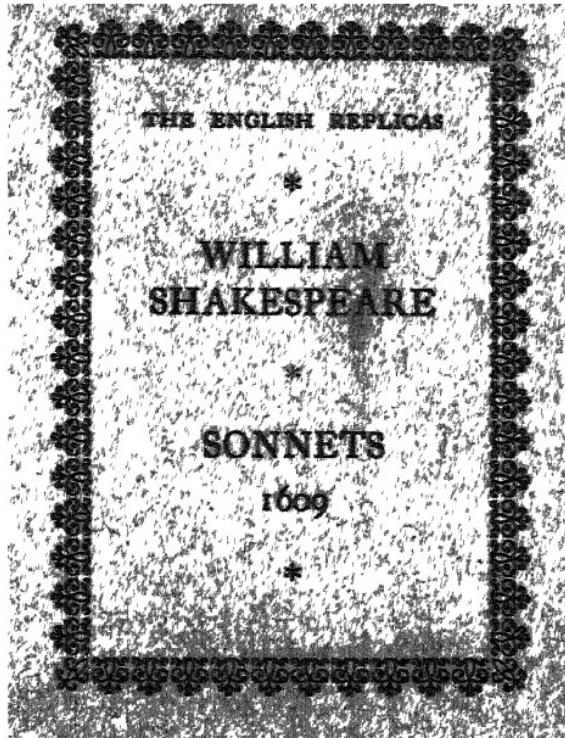


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THE ENGLISH REPLICAS

*
WILLIAM
SHAKESPEARE

*
SONNETS

1609

*

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THE ENGLISH REPLICAS
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE SONNETS

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SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By *G. Eld* for *T. T.* and are
to be folde by *John Wright*, dwelling
at Christ Church gate.

1609.

TO. THE.ONLIE.BEGETTER.OF.
THESE.INSVING.SONNETS.
M^E. W. H. ALL.HAPPINESSE.
AND.THAT.ETERNITIE.
PROMISED.

BY.

OVR.EVER-LIVING.POET.

WISHETH.

THE.WELL-WISHING.
ADVENTVRER.IN.
SETTING.
FORTH.

T. T.



SHAKESPEARES, SONNETS.

From fairest creatures we defire increase,
That thereby beauties *Rose* might never die,
But as the riper shoulde by time decease,
His tender heire might beare his memory:
But thou contracted to thine owne bright eyes,
Feed'st thy lights flame with selfe substantiall fewell,
Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thy selfe thy foe, to thy sweete selfe too cruell:
Thou that art now the worlds fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine owne bud buriesth thy content,
And tender chorle makst waft in niggarding:
Pitty the world, or else this glutton be,
To eate the worlds due, by the graue and thee.

2

VVhen fortie Winters shall besiege thy brow,
And digge deep trenches in thy beauties field,
Thy youthes proud liuery so gaz'd on now,
Wil be a rotter'd weed of small worth held:
Then being askt, where all thy beautie lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty daies;
To say within thine owne deepe funken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftlesse praise.
How much more praise deseru'd thy beauties vse,
If thou couldst answere this faire child of mine
Shall sum my count, and make my old excuse
Proouing his beautie by succession thine.

SHAKESPEARES

This were to be new made when thou art ould,
And see thy blood warme when thou feel'st it could,

3

Looke in thy glasse and tell the face thou vewest,
Now is the time that face should forme an other,
Whose fresh repaire if now thou nor renewest,
Thou doo'st beguile the world, vnblesse some mother.
For where is she so faire whose vn-eard wombe
Disdaines the tillage of thy husbandry?
Or who is he so fond will be the tombe,
Of his selfe loue to stop posterity?
Thou art thy mothers glasse and she in thee
Calls backe the louely Aprill of her prime,
So thou through windowes of thine age shalt see,
Dispight of wrinkles this thy goulden time.

But if thou liue remembred not to be,
Die singe and thine Image dies with thee.

4

VNthrifte loueliness why doſt thou ſpend,
Upon thy ſelfe thy beauties legacy?
Natures bequeft giues nothing but doth lend,
And being franck ſhe lends to thoſe are free:
Then beautious nigard why dooſt thou abuſe,
The bountious largesse giuen thee to giue?
Profites vſerer why dooſt thou vſe
So great a ſumme of ſummes yet can't not liue?
For hauing traffike with thy ſelfe alone,
Thou of thy ſelfe thy ſweet ſelfe doſt deceauē,
Then how when nature calls thee to be gone,
What acceptable *Audit* can't thou leauē?
Thy vnus'd beauty muſt be tomb'd with thee,
Which vſed liues th' executor to be.

5

THofe howers that with gentle worke did frame,
The louely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tirants to the very ſame,

And

SONNETS.

And that vnfaire which fairely doth excell:
For neuer resting time leads Sumner on,
To hidious winter and confounds him there,
Sap checkt with frost and lustie leau's quite gon.
Beauty ore-snow'd and barenes every where,
Then were not summers distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glasse,
Beauties effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor noe remembrance what it was.

But flowers distil'd though they with winter meeze,
Leese but their show, their substance still liues sweet.

6

Then let not winters wragged hand deface,
In thee thy summer ere thou be distil'd:
Make sweet some viall; treasure thou some place,
With beautis treasure ere it be selfe kil'd:
That vte is not forbidden vsery,
Which happies those that pay the willing lone;
That's for thy selfe to breed an other thee,
Or ten times happier be it ten for one,
Ten times thy selfe were happier then thou art,
If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee,
Then what could death doe if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity?
Be not selfe-wild for thou art much too faire,
To be deaths conquest and make wotmes thine heire.

7

Loe in the Orient when the gracious light,
Lifts vp his burning head, each vnder eye
Doth homage to his new appearing sight,
Seruing with lookes his sacred maiesty,
And hauing climb'd the steepe vp heauenly hill,
Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
Yet mortall lookes adore his beauty still,
Attending on his goulden pilgrimage:
But when from high-most pitch with wery car,

SHAKESPEARES

Like feeble age he reeleth from the day,
The eyes (fond dutious) now conuerted are
From his low tract and looke an other way:

So thou thy selfe out-going in thy noon:
Unlok'd on dieft vnlesse thou get a sonne.

8

MY sick to heare, why hear'st thou musick sadly,
Sweets with sweets warre not, ioy delights in ioy:
Why lou'st thou that which thou receauist not gladly,
Or else receauist with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well tuned sounds,
By vniions married do offend thine eare,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singlenesse the parts that thou shouldest beare:
Marke how one string sweet husband to an other,
Strike each in each by mutuall ordering;
Resembling fier, and child, and happy mother,
Who all in one, one pleasing note do sing:
Whose speechlesse song being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee thou single wilt proue none.

9.

IS it for feare to wet a widdowes eye,
That thou consum'st thy selfe in single life?
Ah; if thou issulesse shalt hap to die,
The world will waile thee like a makelesse wife,
The world wilbe thy widdow and still weepe,
That thou no forme of thee hast left behind,
When euery priuat widdow well may keepe,
By childrens eyes, her husbands shape in minde:
Looke what an vnthrift in the world doth spend
Shifts but his place, for still the world inioyes it
But beauties waste, hath in the world an end,
And kept vnsyde the vser so destroyes it:
No loue toward others in that boosome fits
That on himselfe such murdrous shame commits.

I.Q.

S O N N E T S.

I O

FOr shame deny that thou bear'st loue to any
Who for thy selfe art so vnprouident
Graunt if thou wilt, thou art belou'd of many,
But that thou none lou'st is most evident:
For thou art so possest with murdrous hate,
That gainst thy selfe thou stickst not to conspire,
Seeking that beautious roofe to ruinate
Which to repaire should be thy chiefe desire :
O change thy thought, that I may change my minde,
Shall hate be fairer log'd then gentle loue?
Be as thy presence is gracious and kind,
Or to thy selfe at least kind harted proue,
 Make thee an other selfe for loue of me,
 That beauty still may liue in thine or thee.

I I

A S fast as thou shalt wane so fast thou grow'ft,
In one of thine, from that which thou departest,
And that fresh blood which yongly thou bestow'ft,
Thou maist call thine, when thou from youth conuerterest,
Herein liues wisdome, beauty, and increase,
Without this follie, age, and could decay,
If all were minded so, the times should cease,
And threescoore yeare would make the world away:
Let those whom nature hath not made for store,
Harsh, featurelesse, and rude, barrenly perriſh,
Looke whom she best inadow'd, she gaue the more;
Which bountious giuft thou shouldest in bounty cheriſh,
 She caru'd thee for her ſeale, and ment therby,
 Thou shouldest print more, not let that coppy die.

I 2

V V Hen I doe count the clock that tels the time,
 And ſee the braue day funck in hidious night,
When I behold the violet paſt prime,
 And ſable curlis or filuer'd ore with white :
When lofty trees I ſee barren of leaues,
 Which erſt from heat did canopic the herd

SHAKESPEARES

And Sommers greene all girded vp in sheaues
Borne on the beare with white and bristly beards:
Then of thy beauty do I question make
That thou among the wastes of time must goe,
Since sweets and beauties do them-selues forsake,
And die as fast as they see others grow,
And nothing against Times sieth can make defence
Saue breed to braue him, when he takes thee hence.

I3

O That you were your selfe, but loue you are
No longer yours, then you your selfe here liue,
Against this cumming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other giue.
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination, then you were
You selfe again after your selfes decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet forme should beare.
Who lets so faire a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might vphold,
Against the stormy gusts of winters day
And barren rage of deaths eternall cold?
O none but vnthriffts, deare my loue you know,
You had a Father, let your Son say so.

I4

No: from the stars do I my iudgement plucke,
And yet me thinkes I haue Astronomy,
But not to tell of good, or euil lucke,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons quallity,
Nor can I fortune to breefe mynuits tell;
Pointing to each his thunder, raine and winde,
Or say with Princes if it shal go wel
By oft predict that I in heauen finde.
But from thine eies my kno wledge I deriue,
And constant stars in them I read such art
As truth and beautie shal together thriue
If from thy selfe, to store thou wouldst conuert:

O₇

S O N N E T S.

Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is Truthe and Beauties doome and date.

I 5

W Hen I consider every thing that growes
Holds in perfection but a little moment.
That this huge stage presenteth nought but shewes
Whereon the Stars in secret influence comment.
When I perceiue that men as plants increase,
Cheared and checkt euen by the selfe-same skie:
Vaunt in their youthfull sap, at height decrease,
And were their braue state out of memory.
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay,
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wastfull time debateth with decay
To change your day of youth to fullied night,
And all in war with Time for loue of you
As he takes from you, I ingraft you new.

I 6

B Ut wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vpon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed then my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet vnset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So shold the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pensel or my pupill pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eies of men,
To giue away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
And you must liue drawne by your owne sweet skill,

I 7

V V Who will beleue my verse in time to come
If it were fild with your most high deserts?

SHAKESPEARES

Though yet heauen knowes it is but as a tombe
Which hides your life, and shewes not halfe your parte:
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say this Poet lies,
Such heauenly touches nere toucht earthly faces.
So should my papers (yellowed with their age)
Be scorn'd, like old men of lesse truth then tongue,
And your true rights be termd a Poets rage,
And stretched miter of an Antique song.

But were some childe of yours aliue that time.
You should liue twise in it, and in my rime.

18.

SHall I compare thee to a Summers day?
Thou art more louely and more temperate:
Rough windes do shake the darling buds of Maie,
And Sommers lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heauen shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
And euery faire from faire some-time declines,
By chance, or natures changing course vntrimm'd:
But thy eternall Sommer shall not fade,
Nor loose possession of that faire thou ow'ft,
Nor shall death brag thou wandr'ft in his shade,
When in eternall lines to time thou grow'ft,
So long as men can breath or eyes can see,
So long liues this, and this giues life to thee,

19

DEuouring time blunt thou the Lyons pawes,
And make the earth deuoure her owne sweet brood,
Plucke the keene teeth from the fierce Tygers yawes,
And burne the long liu'd Phænix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what ere thou wilt swift-footed time
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most hainous crime,

SONNETS.

O carue not with thy hovers my loues faire brow,
Nor draw noe lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course vntainted doe allow,
For beauties patterne to succeding men.

Yet doe thy worst ould Time despight thy wrong,
My loue shall in my verse euer iue young.

20

A Womans face with natures owne hand painted,
A Haste thou the Master Mil^tris of my passion,
A womans gentle hait but not acquainted
With shifting change as is false w^momens fashion,
An eye more bright then theirs,lesse false in rowling:
Gilding the obiect where-vpon it gazeth,
A man in hew all *Hews* in his controwling,
Which steales mens eyes and w^momens soules amaseth.
And for a woman wert thou first created,
Till nature as she wrought thee fel a dotinge,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.

But since she prickt thee out for w^momens pleasure,
Mine bethy loue and thy loues vse their treasure.

21

C O is it not with me as with that Muse,
Stird by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heauen it selfe for ornament doth vse,
And euery faire with his faire doth reherse,
Making a coopelment of proud compare
With Sunne and Moone,with earth and seas rich gems:
With Aprills first borne flowers and all things rare,
That heauens ayre in this huge rondure hemis,
O let me true in loue but truly write,
And then beleue me,my loue is as faire,
As any mothers childe, though not so bright
As those gould candells fixt in heauens ayer:

Let them say more that like of heare-say well,
I will not prayse that purpose not to sell.

C

22

MY glasse shall not perwade me I am ould,
So long as youth and thou are of one date,
But when in thee times forrves I behould,
Then look I death my daies should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth couer thee,
Is but the seemely rayment of my heart,
Which in thy brest doth liue, as thine in me,
How can I then be elder then thou art?
O therefore loue be of thy selfe so wary,
As I not for my selfe, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart which I will keepe so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill,
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slaine,
Thou gau'ſt me thine not to giue backe againe.

AS an vnperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his feare is put besides his part,
Or some fierce thing repleat with too much rage,
Whose strengths abundance weakens his owne heart;
So I for feare of trust, forget to say,
The perfect ceremony of loues right,
And in mine owne loues strength see me to decay,
Ore-charg'd with burthen of mine owne loues might:
O let my books be then the eloquence,
And dumb presagers of my speaking brest,
Who pleade for loue, and look for recompence,
More then that tongue that more hath more exprest.
O learne to read what silent loue hath writ,
To heare wit eies belongs to loues fine wiht.

MINE eye hath play'd the painter and hath stecid,
My beauties forme in table of my heart,
My body is the frame wherein ti's held,
And perspective it is bett Painters art.
For through the Painter must you see his skill,

SONNETS.

To finde where your true Image pictur'd lies,
Which in my bosomes shop is hanging stil,
That hath his windowes glazed with thine eyes:
Now see what good-turnes eyes for eies haue done,
Mine eyes haue drawne thy shape, and thine for me
Are windowes to my brest, where-through the Sun
Delights to peepe, to gaze therein on thee

Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their art
They draw but what they see, know not the hart,

25

Let those who are in fauor with their stars,
Of publike honour and proud titles boſt,
Whilst I whome fortune of ſuch tryumph bars
Vnlookt for ioy in that I honour moſt;
Great Princes fauorites their faire leaues ſpread,
But as the Marygold at the ſuns eye,
And in them-felues their pride lies buried,
For at a frowne they in their glory die.
The painesfull warrier famoſed for worth,
After a thouſand victories once foild,
Is from the booke of honour rafeſt quite,
And all the reſt forgot for which he toild:
Then happy I that loue and am beloued
Where I may not remoue, nor be remoued.

26

Lord of my loue, to whome in vassalage
Thy merrit hath my dutie ſtrongly knit;
To thee I ſend this written ambaffage
To witneſſe duty, not to ſhew my wit.
Duty ſo great, which wit ſo poore as mine
May make ſeeme bare, in wanting words to ſhew it;
But that I hope ſome good conceit of thine
In thy ſoules thought (all naked) will beſtow it:
Til whatſoever star that guides my mouing,
Points on me gratiouſly with faire aspect,
And puts apparell on my tottered louing,

C 2

To

SHAKESPEARES,

To show me worthy of their sweet respect,
Then may I dare to boast how I doe loue thee,
Til then, not show my head where thou maist proueme

27

WEary with toyle, I haft me to my bed,
The deare repose for lims with trauaill tired,
But then begins a iouray in my head
To worke my mind, when boddies work's expired.
For then my thoughts (from far where I abide)
Intend a zelous pilgrimage to thee;
And keepe my drooping eye-lids open wide,
Looking on darknes which the blind doe see.
Saue that my soules imaginary fight
Prefents their shaddoe to my sightles view,
Which like a iewell (hunge in gasty night)
Makes blacke night beautious, and her old face new.
Loe thus by day my lims, by night my mind,
For thee, and for my selfe, noe quiet finde.

28

HOW can I then returne in happy plight
That am debard the benifit of reit?
When daies oppression is not eazd by night,
But day by night and night by day oprest.
And each (though enimis to ethers raigne)
Doe in consent shake hands to torture me,
The one by toyle, the other to complaine
How far I toyle, still farther off from thee.
I tell the Day to please him thou art bright,
And do'st him grace when clouds doe blot the heauen:
So flatter I the swart complexioned night,
When sparkling stars twire not thou guilf't th' eauen.
But day doth daily draw my sorrowes longer, (stronger
And night doth nightly make greeves length seeme

29

WHEN in disgrace with Fortune and mens eyes,
I all alone beweepe my out-cast state,

And

SONNETS.

And trouble deafe heauen with my bootelesse cries,
And looke vpon my selfe and curse my fate.
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
.Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this mans art, and that mans skope,
With what I most inioy contented least,
Yet in these thoughts my selfe almost despising,
Haplye I thinke on thee, and then my state,
(Like to the Larke at breake of daye arising)
From fullen earth sings hymns at Heauens gate,
For thy sweet loue remembred such welth brings,
That then I skorne to change my state with Kings.

30.

VVVhen to the Sessions of sweet silent thought,
I sommon vp remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lacke of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new waile my deare times waste:
Then can I drowne an eye (vn-ys'd to flow)
For precious friends hid in deaths dateles night,
And weepe a fresh loues long since cancelld woe,
And mone th'expence of many a vannisht fight.
Then can I greeue at greeuances fore-gon,
And heauily from woe to woe tell ore
The sad account of fore-bemoned mone,
Which I new pay, as if not payd before.

But if the while I thinke on thee (deare friend)
All losses are restord, and sorrowes end.

31

Thy bosome is indeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking haue supposed dead,
And there raignes Loue and all Loues louing parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious teare
Hath deare religious loue stolne from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appeare,
But things remou'd that hidden in there lie.

SHAKESPEARES

Thou art the graue where buried loue doth lie,
Hung with the trophies of my louers gon,
Who all their parts of me to thee did giue,
That due of many, now is thine alone.

Their images I louid, I view in thee,
And thou(all they)haſt all the all of me.

32

If thou ſuruiue my well contented daie,
When that churle death my bones with duff ſhall couer
And ſhalt by fortune once more re-furuay:
These poore rude lines of thy deceased Louer:
Compare them with the bett'ring of the time,
And though they be out-strippt by euery pen,
Reſerue them for my loue, not for their rime,
Exceeded by the hight of happier men.
Oh then voutſafe me but this louing thought,
Had my friends Muſe growne with this growing age,
A dearer birth then this his loue had brought
To march in ranckes of better equipage:
But ſince he died and Poets better proue,
Theirs for their ſtyle ile read,his for his loue.

33

¶VII many a glorious morning haue I ſene,
Flatter the mountaine tops with oueraine eie,
Kiffing with golden face the meddowes greene;
Gilding pale ſtreames with heauenly alcumy:
Anon permit the baſest cloudes to ride,
With ougly rack on his celeſtiall face,
And from the for-lorne world his viſage hide
Stealing vn'eene to west with this diſgrace:
Euen ſo my Sunne one early morne did ſhine,
With all triumphant ſplendor on my brow,
But out alack,he was but one houre mine,
The region cloude hath mask'd him from me now.

Yet him for th's,my loue no whit diſdainteth,
Suns of the world may ſtaine,whē heauens ſun ſtainteth.

SONNETS.

34

VV Hy didſt thou promife ſuſh a beautiuſe day,
And make me trauaile forth without my cloake,
To let bace cloudes ore-take me in my way,
Hiding thy brauyr in their totten ſmoke.
Tis not enough that through the cloude thou breake,
To dry the raine on my ſtorme-beaten face,
For no man well of ſuſh a ſalue can ſpeakē,
That heales the wound, and cures not the diſgrace:
Nor can thy shame giue phifickē to my griefe,
Though thou repente, yet I haue ſtill the loſſe,
Th' offendērs ſorrow lends but weake reliefe
To him that beares the ſtrong offendēſes loſſe.
Ah but thoſe teareſ are pearlē which thy loue ſheeſ is,
And they are ritch, and ransome all ill deedeſ.

35

NO more bee greeu'd at that which thou haſt done,
Rofes haue thornes, and filuer fountaines mud,
Cloudes and eclipses ſtaine both Moone and Sunne,
And loathſome canker liues in sweeteſt bud.
All men make faults, and euē I in this,
Authorizing thy treſpas with compare,
My ſelſe corrputing faluing thy amifle,
Excusing their fins more then their fins are:
For to thy ſenſuall fault I bring in ſeince,
Thy aduerſe party is thy Aduocate,
And gaſt my ſelſe a lawfull plea commenace,
Such ciuili war is in my loue and hate,
That I an accellary needs muſt be,
To that ſweet theefe which ſourely robs from me,

36

Let me confeſſe that we two muſt be twaine,
Althoſh our vndeuided loues are one:
So ſhall thoſe blotſ that do with me remaine,
Without thy helpe, by me be borne alone.
In our two loues there is but one reſpect,

Though

SHAKESPEARES

Though in our liues a seperable spight,
 Which though it alter not loues sole effect,
 Yet doth it steale sweet houres from loues delight,
 I may not euer-more acknowledge thee,
 Leaft my bewailed guilt should do thee share,
 Nor thou with publike kindnesse honour me,
 Vnlesse thou take that honour from thy name:

But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
 As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

37

As a decrepit father takes delight,
 To see his actiuе childe do deeds of youth,
 So I, made lame by Fortunes dearest spight
 Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth.
 For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
 Or any of these all, or all, or more
 Intituled in their parts, do crowned sit,
 I make my loue ingrafted to this store:
 So then I am not lame, poore, nor dispis'd,
 Whilst that this shadow doth such substance gine,
 That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
 And by a part of all thy glory liue:
 Looke what is best, that best I wish in thee,
 This wish I haue, then ten times happy me.

38

How can my Muse want subiect to inuent
 While thou dost breath that poor'st into my verse,
 Thine owne sweet argument, to excellent,
 For eu' y vulgar paper to rehearse:
 Oh giue thy selfe the thankes if ought in me,
 Worthy perusal stand against thy sight,
 For who's so dumbe that cannot write to thee,
 When thou thy selfe dost giue inuention light?
 Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in worth
 Then those old nine which rimers inuocate,
 And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth

Eternall

S O N N E T S.

Eternal numbers to out-liue long date.

If my slight Muse doe please these curious daies,
The paine be mine, but thine shal be the praise.

39

O H how thy worth with manners may I singe,
When thou art all the better part of me?
What can mine owne praise to mine owne selfe bring;
And what is't but mine owne when I praise thee,
Euen for this, let vs deuided liue,
And our deare loue loose name of single one,
That by this seperation I may giue:
That due to thee which thou deseru'it alone:
Oh absence what a torment woul'dst thou proue,
Were it not thy soure leisure gaue sweet leaue,
To entertaine the time with thoughts of loue,
VVhich time and thoughts so sweetly dost deceiue.
And that thou teachest how to make one twaine,
By praising him here who doth hence remaine.

40

T Ake all my loues, my loue, yea take them all,
What hast thou then more then thou hadst before?
No loue, my loue, that thou maist true loue call,
All mine was thine, before thou hadst this more:
Then if for my loue, thou my loue receiuest,
I cannot blame thee, for my loue thou vsest,
But yet be blam'd, if thou this selfe deceauest
By wilfull taste of what thy selfe refus'est.
I doe forgiue thy robb'rie gentle theefe
Although thou steale thee all my pouerty:
And yet loue knowes it is a greater griefe
To beare loues wrong, then hates knowne iniury.
Lasciuious grace in whom all il wel showes,
Kill me with spights yet we must not be foes.

41

T hose pretty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am some-time absent from thy heart,

D

Thy

SHAKESPEARES.

Thy beautie, and thy yeares full well besitts,
For still temptation followes where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be wonne,
Beautious thou art, therefore to be assailed.
And when a woman woes, what womans sonne,
Will souldly leauue her till he haue preuailed.
Aye me, but yet thou mightst my feate forbear,
And chide thy beauty, and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their ryot euен there
Where thou art forst to breake a two-fold truthe
Hers by thy beauty tempting her to thce,
Thine by thy beautie beeing false to me.

42

THAT thou hast her it is not all my griefe,
And yet it may be said I lou'd her deerely,
That she hath thee is of my wayling cheefe,
A losse in loue that touches me more neerely.
Louing offendours thus I will excuse yee,
Thou doost loue her, because thou knowst I loue her,
And for my sake euен so doth she abuse me,
Suffring my friend for my sake to approoue her,
If I loose thee, my losse is my loues gaine,
And loosing her, my friend hath found that losse,
Both finde each other, and I loose both twaine,
And both for my sake lay on me this crosse,
But here's the ioy, my friend and I are one,
Sweete flattery, then she loues but me alone.

43

WHEN most I winke then doe mine eyes best see,
For all the day they view things vnrespected,
But when I sleepe, in dreames they looke on thee,
And darkely bright, are bright in darke directed.
Then thou whose shaddow shaddowes doth make bright,
How would thy shadowes forme, forme happy show,
To the cleere day with thy much clearer light,
When to vn-seeing eyes thy shade shines so?

How

SONNETS.

How would (I say) mine eyes be blessed made,
By looking on thee in the liuing day?
When in dead night their faire imperfect shade,
Through heauy sleepe on sightlesse eyes doth stay?
All dayes are nights to see till I see thee,
And nights bright daies when dreams do shew thee me,

44

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
In iurious distance should not stop my way,
For then dispight of space I would be brought,
From limits farre remote, where thou doost stay,
No matter then although my foote did stand
Vpon the farthest earth remoou'd from thee,
For nimble thought can iumpe both sea and land,
As soone as thinke the place where he would be.
But ah, thought kills me that I am not thought
To leape large lengths of miles when thou art gone,
But that so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend times leisure with my mone.
Receiuing naughts by elements so floe,
But heauie teares, badges of eithers woe.

45

The other two; slight ayre, and purging fire,
Are both with thee, where euer I abide,
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present absent with swift motion slide.
For when these quicker Elements are gone
In tender Embassie of loue to thee,
My life being made of four, with two alone,
Sinkes downe to death, opprest with melancholie.
Vntill lives composition be recured,
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who euen but now come back againe assured,
Of their faire health, recounting it to me.
This told, I joy, but then no longer glad,
I send them back againe and straight grow sad.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortall warre,
 How to deuide the conquest of thy sight,
 Mine eye, my heart their pictures sight would barre,
 My heart, mine eye the freeedom of that right,
 My heart doth plead that thou in him doost lye,
 (A closet neuer pearst with christall eyes)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And sayes in him their faire appearance lyes.
 To side this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tennants to the heart,
 And by their verdict is determined
 The cleere eyes moytie, and he deare hearts part.
 As thus, mine eyes due is their outward part,
 And my hearts right, their inward loue of heart.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is tooke,
 And each doth good turnes now vnto the other,
 When that mine eye is famisht for a looke,
 Or heart in loue with sighes himselfe doth smother;
 With my loues picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart:
 An other time mine eye is my hearts guest,
 And in his thoughts of loue doth share a part.
 So either by thy picture or my loue,
 Thy selfe away, are present still with me,
 For thou nor farther then my thoughts canst moue,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee.
 Or if they sleepe, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart, to hearts and eyes delight.

How carefull was I when I tooke my way,
 Each trifle vnder truest barres to thrust,
 That to my vse it might vn-vised stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust?
 But thou, to whom my iewels trifles are,

S O N N E T S.

Most worthy comfort, now my greatest griefe,
Thou brest of deerefest, and mine onely care,
Art left the prey of every vulgar theefe.
I hee haue I not lockt vp in any chest,
Saue where thou art not, though I feele thou art,
Within the gentle closur'e of my brest,
From whence at pleasure thou maist come and part,
And euen thence thou wilt be stolne I feare,
For truth prooues thee euish for a prize so deare.

49

Against that time (if euer that time come)
When I shall see thee frowne on my defects,
When as thy loue hath cast his vtmost summe,
Cauld to that audite by adul'd respects,
Against that time when thou shalt strangely passe,
And scarcely greet me with that sunne thine eye,
When loue conuerted from the thing it was
Shall reasons finde of settled grauitie.
Against that time do I insconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine owne desart,
And this my hand, against my selfe vpreare,
To guard the lawfull reasons on thy part,
To leauue poore me, thou hast the strength of lawes,
Since why to loue, I can alledge no cause.

50

How heauie doe I iourney on the way,
When what I seeke (my wearie trauels end)
Doth teach that ease and that repose to say
Thus farre the miles are measuide from thy friend.
The beast that beares me, tired with my woe,
Plods duly on, to beare that waight in me,
As if by some instinct the wretch did know
His rider lou d not speed being made from thee:
The bloody spurre cannot prouoke him on,
That some-times anger thrults into his hide,
Which heauily he answers with a grone,

SHAKESPEARES.

More sharpe to me then spurring to his side,
For that same grone doth put this in my mind,
My greefe lies onward and my ioy behind.

51

THUS can my loue excuse the slow offence,
Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed,
From where thou art, why shoulld I haue me thence,
Till I retorne of postinge is noe need.
O what excuse will my poore beast then find,
When swift extremity can seeme but slow,
Then shoulde I spurre though mounted on the wind,
In winged speed no motion shal I know,
Then can no horse with my desire keepe pace,
Therefore desire (of perfects loue being made)
Shall naigh noe dull flesh in his fiery race,
But loue, for loue, thus shall excuse my iade,
Since from thee going he went wilfull slow,
Towards thee ile run, and giue him leauue to goe.

52

SO am I as the rich whose blessed key,
Can bring him to his sweet vp-locked treasure,
The which he will not eu'ry hower suruay,
For blunting the fine point of seldome pleasure.
Therefore are feasts so sollemne and so rare,
Since sildom comming in the long yeare set,
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captaine Iewells in the carconet.
So is the time that keepes you as my chest,
Or as the ward-robe which the robe doth hide,
To make some speciall instant speciall blest,
By new vnfoulding his imprison'd pride.
Blessed are you whose worthinesse giues skope,
Being had to triumph, being lackt to hope.

53

VVVHat is your substance, whereof are you made,
That millions of strange shaddowes on you tend?
Since

S O N N E T S.

Since every one, hath every one, one shade,
And you but one, can every shaddow lend:
Describe *Adonis* and the counterfet,
Is poorely immitated after you,
On *Hellenes* cheeke all art of beautie set,
And you in *Grecian* tires are painted new:-
Speake of the spring, and foyzon of the yeare,
The one doth shaddow of your beautie shew,
The other as your bountie doth appeare,
And you in euery blessed shape we know.

In all externall grace you haue some part,
But you like none, none you for constant heart.

54

O H how much more doth beautie beantious seeme,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth giue,
The Rose lookes faire, but fairer we it deeme
For that sweet odor, which doth in it liue:
The Canker bloomes haue full as deepe a die,
As the perfumed tincture of the Roses,
Hang on such thornes, and play as wantonly,
When sommers breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They liue vnwoo'd, and vnrespected fade,
Die to themsclues. Sweet Roses doe not so,
Of their sweet deathes, are sweetest odors made:
And so of you,beautious and louely youth,
When that shall vade, by verse distils your truth.

55

N Ot marble, nor the gilded monument,
Of Princes shall out-liue this powrefull rime,
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Then vnswEEPt stone, besmeer'd with sluttish time.
When wastefull warre shal Statues ouer-turne,
And broiles rochte out the worke of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword, nor warres quick fire shall burne
The living record of your memory.

Caint

SHAKESPEARES.

Gainst death, and all oblivious emnity
 Shall you pace forth, your praise shall stil finde roome,
 Euen in the eyes of all posterity
 That weare this world out to the ending doome.

So til the iudgement that your selfe arise,
 You liue in this, and dwell in louers eies.

56

Sweet loue renew thy force, be it not said
 Thy edge should blunter be then apetite,
 Which but too daie by feeding is alaied,
 To morrow sharpned in his former might.
 So loue be thou, although too daie thou fill
 Thy hungrie eies, euen till they winck with fulnesse,
 Too morrow see againe, and doe not kill
 The spirit of Loue, with a perpetual dulnesse:
 Let this sad *Intrim* like the Ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where twc contracted new,
 Come daily to the banckes, that when they see:
 Returne of loue, more blest may be the view.

As cal it Winter, which being ful of care,
 Makes Somers welcome, thrice more wish'd, more rare:

57

Being your flauie what should I doe but tend,
 Vpon the houres, and times of your desire?
 I haue no precious time at al to spend;
 Nor seruices to doe til you require.
 Nor dare I chide the world without end houre,
 Whilst I (my soueraine) watch the clock for you,
 Nor thinke the bitternesse of absence lowre,
 VVhen you haue bid your seruant once adieu.
 Nor dare I question with my iealous thought,
 VVhere you may be, or your affaires suppose,
 But like a sad flauie stay and thinke of nought
 Saue where you are, how happy you make those,
 So true a foole is loue, that in your Will,
 (Though you doe any thing) he thinkes no ill.

58

SONNETS.

58

THAT God forbid, that made me first your slauē,
 I shoulde in thought controule your times of pleasure,
 Or at your hand th' account of houres to craue,
 Being your vassail bound to staie your leisure.
 Oh let me suffer (being at your beck)
 Th' imprison'd absence of your libertie,
 And patience tame, to sufferance bide each check,
 Without accusing you of iniury.
 Be where you list, your charter is so strong,
 That you your selfe may priuiledge your time
 To what you will, to you it doth belong,
 Your selfe to pardon of selfe-doing crime.
 I am to waite, though waiting so be hell,
 Not blame your pleasure be it ill or well.

59

IF their bee nothing new, but that which is,
 Hath beene before, how are our braines beguild,
 Which laboring for inuention beare amisse
 The second burthen of a former child ?
 Oh that record could with a back-ward looke,
 Euen of fiuе hundred courses of the Sunne,
 Show me your image in some antique booke,
 Since minde at first in carrecter was done.
 That I might see what the old world could say,
 To this composed wonder of your frame,
 Whether we are mended, or where better they,
 Or whether reuolution be the same.
 Oh sure I am the wits of former daies,
 To subiects worse haue giuen admiring praise.

60

LIKE as the waues make towards the pibled shore,
 So do our minuites haften to their end,
 Each changing place with that which goes before,
 In sequent toile all forwards do contend.
 Natiuity once in the maine of light,

E

Crawle

SHAKESPEARES

Crawies to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
 Crooked eclipses against his glory fight,
 And time that gauë, doth now his gift confound.
 Time doth transfixe the florish set on youth,
 And delues the paralels in beauties brow,
 Feedes on the rarities of natures truth,
 And nothing stands but for his sieth to mow.

And yet to times in hope, my verfe shall stand
 Praising thy worth, despight his cruell hand.

61

IS it thy wil, thy Image should keepe open
 My heauy eie: iids to the weary night?
 Dost thou desire my slumbers should be broken,
 While shadowes like to thee do mocke my sight?
 Is it thy spirit that thou send'ſt from thee
 So farre from home into my deeds to pryc,
 To find out shames and idle houres in me,
 The skope and tenure of thy Ielousie.
 O no, thy loue though much, is not so great,
 It is my loue that keepes mine eie awake,
 Mine owne true loue that doth my rest defeat,
 To plaie the watch-man euer for thy sake.
 For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake elsewhere,
 From me farre of, with others all to neere,

62

SInne of selfe-loue possesseſſeth al mine eie,
 And all my soule, and al my euery part;
 And for this finne there is no remedie,
 It is ſo grounded inward in my heart.
 Me thinkes no face ſo gratious is as mine,
 No shape ſo true, no truth of ſuch account,
 And for my ſelfe mine owne worth do define,
 As I all other in all worths ſurmount.
 But when my glaſſe ſhewes me my ſelfe indeed
 Beated and chopt with tandem antiquitie,
 Mine owne ſelfe loue quite contrary I read

Selfe

SONNETS.

Selfe, so selfe louing were iniquity,
Tis thee (my selfe) that for my selfe I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy daies,

63

A Cainst my loue shall be as I am now
With times iniurious hand chrusht and ore-worne,
When houres haue dreind his blood and fild his brow
With lines and wrincles, when his youthfull morne
Hath trauaile on to Ages steepie night,
And all those beauties whercof now he's King
Are vanishing, or vanisht out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his Spring.
For such a time do I now fortifie
Against confounding Ages cruell knife,
That he shall neuer cut from memory
My sweet loues beauty, though my louers life.
His beautie shall in these blacke lines be seene,
And they shall liue, and he in them still greene.

64

VV Hen I haue seene by times fell hand defaced
The rich proud cost of outworne buried age
When sometime loftie towers I see downe rased,
And brasfe eternall flaue to mortall rage,
When I haue seene the hungry Ocean gaine
Aduantage on the Kingdome of the shoare,
And the firme soile win of the watry maine,
Increasing store with losse, and losse with store,
When I haue seene such interchange of state,
Or state it selfe confounded, to decay,
Ruine hath taught me thus to ruminate
That Time will come and take my loue away.

This thought is as a death which cannot chooſe
But weepe to haue, that which it feares to loose.

65

S Ince brasfe, nor ſtone, nor earth, nor boundleſſe ſea,
But ſad mortallity ore-ſwaiſes their power,

SHAKESPEARES

How with this rage shall beautie hold a plea,
Whose action is no stronger then a flower?
O how shall summers hunny breath hold out,
Against the wrackfull fiedge of battring dayes,
When rocks impregnable are not so stoute,
Nor gates of Steele so strong but time decayes?
O fearefull meditation, where alack,
Shall times best Iewell from times chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foote back,
Or who his spoile or beautie can forbid?
O none, vnlesse this miracle haue might,
That in black inck my loue may still shine bright.

66

T Yr'd with all these for restfull death I cry,
T As to behold desert a begger borne,
And needie Nothing trimd in iollitie,
And purest faith vnhappily forsworne,
And gilded honor shamefully misplast,
And maiden vertue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
And strength by limping sway disabled,
And arte made tung-tide by authoritie,
And Folly (Doctor-like) controuling skill,
And simple-Truth miscalde Simplicitie,
And captiue-good attending Captaine ill.

Tyr'd with all these, from these would I be gone,
Saue that to dye, I leaue my loue alone.

67

A H wherefore with infection should he liue,
A And with his presence grace impietie,
That sinne by him aduantage should atchiue,
And lace it selfe with his societie ?
Why should false painting immitate his cheeke,
And steale dead seeing of his liuing hew?
Why should poore beautie indirectly seeke,
Roses of shaddow, since his Rose is true

Why

S O N N E T S.

Why should he liue, now nature banckrout is,
Beggerd of blood to blush through liuely vaines,
For she hath no exchecker now but his,
And proud of many, liues vpon his gaines?

O him she stores, to show what welth she had,
In daies long since, before these last so bad.

68

T Hus is his cheeke the map of daies out-worne,
When beauty liu'd and dy'ed as flowers do now,
Before these bastard signes of faire were borne,
Or durst inhabit on a liuing, brow:
Before the goulden tressies of the dead,
The right of sepulchers, were shorne away,
To liue a scond life on second head,
Ere beauties dead fleece made another gay:
In him those holy antique howers are seene,
Without all ornament, it selfe and true,
Making no summer of an others greene,
Robbing no ould to dresse his beauty new,
And him as for a map doth Nature store,
To shew faulse Art what beauty was of yore.

69

T hose parts of thee that the worlds eye doth view,
Want nothing that the thought of hearts can mend:
All toungs (the voice of soules) giue thee that end,
Vttring bare truth, euen so as foes Command.
Their outward thus with outward praise is crownd,
But those same toungs that giue thee so thine owne,
In other accents doe this praise confound
By seeing farther then the eye hath showne.
They looke into the beauty of thy mind,
And that in gueſſe they measure by thy deeds,
Then churls their thoughts (although their eies were kind)
To thy faire flower ad the rancke ſmell of weeds,
But why thy odor matcheth not thy ſhow,
The ſolye is this, that thou doeft common grow.

E 3

That

SHAKESPEARES

70

THAT thou are blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slanders marke was euer yet the faire,
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A Crow that flies in heauens sweetest ayre.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approue,
 Their worth the greater beeing woon of time,
 For Canker vice the sweetest buds doth loue,
 And thou present'st a pure vnstayned prime.
 Thou hast past by the ambush of young daies,
 Either nor assayld, or victor beeing charg'd,
 Yet this thy praise cannot be soe thy praise,
 To tye vp enuy, euermore enlarged,
 If some suspect of ill maskt not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdome of hearts shouldst owe.'

71

NOe Longer mourne for me when I am dead,
 Then you shall heare the surly sullen bell
 Giue warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world with vildest wormes to dwell:
 Nay if you read this line, remember not,
 The hand that writ it, for I loue you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O if (I say) you looke vpon this verse,
 When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poore name reherse;
 But let your loue euen with my life decay.
 Leaft the wise world should looke into your mone,
 And mocke you with me after I am gon.

72

O Leaft the world should taske you to recite,
 What merit liu'd in me that you should loue
 After my death (deare loue) for get me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy proue.
 Vnlesse you would devise some vertuous lye,

To

SONNETS.

To doe more for me then mine owne desert,
And hang more praise vpon deceased I,
Then nigard truth would willingly impart:
O least your true loue may seeme falce in this,
That you for loue speake well of me vntrue,
My name be buried where my body is,
And liue no more to shame nor me,nor you.

For I am shAMD by that which I bring forth,
And so should you,to loue things nothing worth.

73

THAT time of yeeare thou maist in me behold,
When yellow leaues,or none,or few doe hange
Vpon those boughes which shake against the coulde,
Bare rn' wd quiers,where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twi-light of such day,
As after Sun-set fadeth in the West,
Which by and by blacke night doth take away,
Deaths second selfe that seals vp all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lye,
As the death bed,whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nurrisht by.

This thou perceu'ſt,which makes thy loue more ſtrong,
To loue that well,which thou muſt leau'e ere long.

74

But be contented when that fell arēſt,
With out all bayle ſhall carry me away,
My life hath in this line ſome intereſt,
Which for memoriall ſtill with thee ſhall ſtay.
When thou reuewest this,thou doeft reuew,
The very part was conſecrate to thee,
The earth can haue but earth,which is his due,
My ſpirit is thine the better part of me,
So then thou haſt but loſt the dregs of life,
The pray of wormes,my body being dead,
The cowarde conqueſt of a wretches knife,

To

SHAKESPEARES

To base of thee to be remembred,
The worth of that, is that which it containes,
And that is this, and this with thee remaines.

75

SO are you to my thoughts as food to life,
Or as sweet season'd shewers are to the ground;
And for the peace of you I hold such strife,
As twixt a miser and his wealth is found.
Now proud as an inioyer, and anon
Doubting the filching age will steale his treasure,
Now counting best to be with you alone,
Then betterd that the world may see my pleasure,
Some-time all ful with feasting on your sight,
And by and by cleane starued for a looke,
Possessing or pursuing no delight
Sauing what is had, or must from you be tooke.
Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day,
Or gluttoning on all, or all away,

76

VV Hy is my verse so barren of new pride?
So far from variation or quicke change?
Why with the time do I not glance aside
To new found methods, and to compounds strange?
Why write I still all one, euer the same,
And keepe inuention in a noted weed,
That euery word doth almost fel my name,
Shewing their birth, and where they did proceed?
O know sweet loue I alwaies write of you,
And you and loue are still my argument:
So all my best is dressing old words new,
Spending againe what is already spent:
For as the Sun is daily new and old,
So is my loue still telling what is told,

77

Thy glasse will shew thee how thy beauties were,
Thy dyall how thy pretious mynuits waſte,

The

SONNETS.

The vacant leaues thy mindes imprint will beare,
And of this booke, this learning maist thou taste.
The wrinckles which thy glasse will truly shew,
Of mouthed graues will giue thee memorie,
Thou by thy dyals shady stealth maist know,
Times theeuish progresse to eternitie.
Looke what thy memorie cannot containe,
Commit to these waste blacks, and thou shalt finde
Those children nurst, deliuerd from thy braine,
To take a new acquaintance of thy minde.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt looke,
Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy booke.

78

SO ofc haue I inuok'd thee for my Muse,
And found such faire assistance in my verse,
As euery *Alien* pen hath got my vse,
And vnder thee their poesie disperse.
Thine eycs, that taught the dumbe on high to sing,
And heauie ignorance aloft to flie,
Haue added tethers to the learneds wing,
And giuen grace a double Maiestie.
Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
Whose influence is thine, and borne of thee,
In others workes thou doost but mend the stile,
And Arts with thy sweete graces graced be.
But thou art al. my art, and doost aduance
As high as learning, my rude ignorance.

79

WHilst I alone did call vpon thy ayde,
My verse alone had all thy gentle grace,
But now my gracious numbers are decayde,
And my sick Muse doth give an other place.
I grant (sweet loue) thy louely argument
Deserues the trauaile of a worthier pen,
Yet what of thee thy Poet doth inuent,
He robs thee of, and payes it thee againe,

F

He

SHAKESPEARES

He lends thee vertue, and he stole that word,
From thy behauour, beautie doth he giue
And found it in thy cheeke: he can affoord
No praise to thee, but what in thee doth liue.

Then thanke him not for that which he doth say,
Since what he owes thee, thou thy selfe doost pay,

80

O How I faint when I of you do write,
Knowing a better spirit doth vse your name,
And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
To make me young-tide speaking of your fame.
But since your worth (wide as the Ocean is)
The humble as the proudest fail doth beare,
My fawfie barke (inferior farre to his)
On your broad maine doth wilfully appeare.
Your shallowest helpe will hold me vp a floate,
Whilst he vpon your soundlesse deepe doth ride,
Or (being wrackt) I am a worthlesse bote,
He of tall building, and of goodly pride.

Then If he thriue and I be cast away,
The worst was this, my loue was my decay.

81

O R I shall liue your Epitaph to make,
Or you suruiue when I in earth am rotten,
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.
Your name from hence immortall life shall haue,
Though I (once gone) to all the world must dye,
The earth can yeeld me but a common graue,
When you intombed in mens eyes shall lye,
Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall ore-read,
And youngs to be, your beeing shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead,

You still shall liue (such vertue hath my Pen)

Where breath most breaths, eu'en in the mouths of men.

I grant.

SONNETS.

82

I Grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore maiest without attaint ore-looke
 The dedicated words which writers vse
 Of their faire subiect, blessing every booke.
 Thou art as faire in knowledge as in hew,
 Finding thy worth a limmit past my praise,
 And therefore art inforc'd to seeke anew,
 Some fresher stampe of the time bettering dayes.
 And do so loue, yet when they haue deuisde,
 What strained touches Rhethorick can lend,
 Thou truly faire, wert truly sympathizde,
 In true plaine words, by thy true telling friend.
 And their grosse painting might be better vs'd,
 Where cheekes need blood, in thee it is abus'd.

83

I Neuer saw that you did painting need,
 And therefore to your faire no painting set,
 I found (or thought I found) you did exceed,
 The barren tender of a Poets debt:
 And therefore haue I slept in your report,
 That you your selfe being extant well might shew,
 How farre a moderne quill doth come to short,
 Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,
 This silence for my sinne you did impute,
 Which shall be most my glory being dombe,
 For I impaire not beautie being mute,
 When others would giue life, and bring a tombe.
 There liues more life in one of your faire eyes,
 Then both your Poets can in praise deuise.

84

W^Ho is it that sayes most, which can say more,
 Then this rich praise, that you alone, are you,
 In whose confine immured is the store,
 Which should example where your equall grew,
 Leane penurie within that Pen doth dwell,

F 2

That

SHAKESPEARES

That to his subiect lends not some small glory,
But he that writes of you, if he can tell,
That you are you, so dignifies his story.
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so cleere,
And such a counter-part shail fame his wit,
Making his stile admired euery where.
You to your beautious blessings adde a curse,
Being fond on praise, which makes your praises worse.

85

MY young-tide Muse in manners holds her still,
While commentes of your praise richly compil'd,
Reserue their Character w^th goulden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.
I thinke good thoughts, whilst other write good wordes,
And like vauntered clarke still crie Amen,
To euery Hymne that able spirit affords,
In polisht for ne of well refined pen.
Hearing you praisd, I say 'tis so, 'tis true,
And to the most of praise adde some-thing more,
But that is in my thought, whose loue to you
(Though words come hind-most) holds his ranke before,
Then others, for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dombe thoughts, speaking in effect.

86

VVAs it the proud full saile of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of (all to precious) you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my braine inhearce,
Making their tombe the wombe wherein they grew?
Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,
Aboue a mortall pitch, that struck me dead?
No, neither he, nor his compiers by night
Giuing him ayde, my verse astonished.
He nor that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast,

I was

SONNETS.

I was not sick of any feare from thence,

But when your countinanc fild vp his line,
Then lackt I matter, that infeebled mine.

87

Farewell thou art too deare for my possessing,
Ard like enough thou knowst thy estimate,
The Charter of thy worth giues thee releasing:
My bo.lds in thee are all determinate.
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting,
And for that ritches where is my deferuing?
The cause of this faire guift in me is wanting,
And so my pattent back againe is sweruing.
Thy selfe thou gau'st, thy owne worth then not knowing,
O mee to whom thou gau'st it, else mistaking,
So thy great guift vpon misprision growing,
Comes home againe, on better iudgement making.
Thus haue I had thee as a dreame doth flatter,
In sleepe a King, but waking no such matter.

88

VVhen thou shalt be dispode to set me light,
And place my merrit in the eie of skorne,
Vpon thy side, against my selfe ile fight,
And proue thee virtuous, though thou art forsworne:
With mine owne weakenesse being best acquainted,
Vpon thy part I can set downe a story
Offaults conceald, wherein I am attainted :
That thou in loosing me shal win much glory.
And I by this wil be a gainer too,
Fo: bending all my louing thoughts on thee,
The iniuries that to my selfe I doe,
Doing thee vantage, duble vantage me.
Such is my loue, to thee I so belong,
That for thy right, my selfe will beare all wrong.

89

Say that thou didst forfake mee for some falt,
And I will comment vpon that offence,

SHAKESPEARE'S

speake of my lamenesse, and I straight will halt:
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not loue disgrace me halfe so ill,
 To set a forme vpon desired change,
 As ile my selfe disgrace,knowing thy wil,
 I will acquaintance strangle and looke strange:
 Be absent from thy walkes and in my tongue,
 Thy sweet beloued name no more shall dwell,
 Leaft I(too much prophane)should do it wronge:
 And haplie of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee,against my selfe ile vow debate,
 For I must nere loue him whom thou dost hate.

90

Then hate me when thou wilst, if euer, now,
In Now while the world is bent my deeds to crosse,
 Ioyne with the spight of fortune,make me bow,
 And doe not drop in for an after losse:
 Ah doe not,when my heart hath scapte this sorrow,
 Come in the rereward of a conquerd woe,
 Giue not a windie night a rainie morrow,
 To linger out a purposd ouer-throw.
 If thou wilt leau me, do not leau me last,
 When other pettie griefes haue done their spight,
 But in the onset come,so stall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortunes might.
 And other straines of woe, which now seeme woe,
 Compar'd with losse of thee,will not seeme so.

91

Some glory in their birth,some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their bodies force,
 Some in their garments though new-fangled ill:
 Some in their Hawkes and Hounds,some in their Horse.
 And every humor hath his adiunct pleasure,
 Wherein it findes a ioy aboue the rest,
 But these particulers are not my measure,
 All these I better in one generall best.

Thy

S O N N E T S.

Thy loue is bitter then high birth to me,
Richer then wealth, prouder then garments cost,
Of more delight then Hawkes or Horses bee:
And hauing chee, of all mens pride I boast.

Wretched iu this alone, that thou maist take,
All this away, and me most wretched make.

92

BVt doe thy worst to steale thy selfe away,
For tearme of life thou art assured mine,
And life no longer then thy loue will stay,
For it depends vpon that loue of thine.
Then need I not to feare the worst of wrongs,
When in the least of them my life hath end,
I see, a better stafe to me belongs
Then that, which on thy humor doth depend.
Thou canst not vex me with inconstant minde,
Since that my life on thy reuolt doth lie,
Oh what a happy title do I finde,
Happy to haue thy loue, happy to die!
But whats so blessed faire that feares no blot,
Thou maist be falce, and yet I know it not.

93

S O shall I liue, supposing thou art true,
Like a deceiu'd husband, so loues face,
May still seeme loue to me, though alter'd new:
Thy lookes with me, thy heart in other place.
For their can liue no hatred in thine eye,
Therefore in that I cannot know thy change,
In manies lookes, the falce hearts history
Is writ in moods and frounes and wrinckles strange,
But heauen in thy creation did decree,
That in thy face sweet loue should euer dwell,
What ere thy thoughts, or thy hearts workings be,
Thy lookes should nothing thence, but sweetnesse tell,
How like *Eanes* apple doth thy beauty grow,
If thy sweet vertue answere not thy shew.

SHAKF-SPEARES

94

THey that haue powre to hurt, and will doe none,
TThat doe not do the thing, they most do shewe,
 Who mouing others, are themselues as stone,
 Vnmooued, could, and to temptation flowe:
 They rightly do inheritt heauens graces,
 And husband natures ritches from expence,
 They are the Lords and owners of their faces,
 Others, but stewards of their excellencie:
 The sommers flowre is to the sommer sweet,
 Though to it selfe, it onely liue and die,
 But if that flowre with base infection meeke,
 The basest weed out-braues his dignitie:
 For sweetest things turne sorrest by their deedes,
 Lillies that fester, smell far worse then weeds.

95

How sweet and louely dost thou make the shame,
 Which like a canker in the fragrant Rose,
 Doth spot the beautie of thy budding name?
 Oh in what sweets doest thou thy sinnes inclose!
 That tongue that tells the story of thy daies,
 (Making lasciuious comments on thy sport)
 Cannot dispraise, but in a kinde of praise,
 Naming thy name, blesseth an ill report.
 Oh what a mansion haue those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauties vaile doth couer every blot,
 And all things turnes to faire, that eies can see!
 Take heed (deare heart) of this large priuiledge,
 The hardest knife ill vs'd doth loose his edge.

96

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonesse,
 Some say thy grace is youth and gentle sport,
 Both grace and faults are lou'd of more and lesse:
 Thou makst faults graces, that to thee resort:
 As on the finger of a throned Queen,

The

SONNETS.

The basest Iewell wil be well esteem'd:
So are those errors that in thee are seene,
To truths translated, and for true things deem'd.
How many Lambs might the sterne Wolfe betray,
If like a Lambe he could his lookes translate.
How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
If thou wouldst vse the strength of all thy state?
But doe not so, I loue thee in such sort,
As thou being mine, mine is thy good report.

97

How like a Winter hath my absence beene
From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting yeare?
What freezings haue I felte, what darke daies seene?
What old Decembers barenesse euery where?
And yet this time remou'd was sommers time,
The teeming Autumnne big with ritch increase,
Bearing the wanton burthen of the prime,
Like widdowed wombes after their Lords decease:
Yet this abundant issye seem'd to me,
But hope of Orphans, and vn-fathered fruite,
For Sommer and his pleasures waite on thee,
And thou away, the very birds are mute.
Or if they sing, tis with so dull a cheere,
That leaues looke pale, dreading the Winters neere.

98

From you haue I beene absent in the spring,
When proud pide Aprill (drest in all his trim)
Hath put a spirit of youth in euery thing:
That heauie *Saturne* laught and leapt with him.
Yet nor the laies of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odor and in hew,
Could make me any summers story tell:
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:
Nor did I wonder at the Lillies white,
Nor praise the deepe vermillion in the Rose,
They weare but sweet, but figures of delight:

G

Drawne

SHAKE-SPEARES.

Drawne after you, you patterne of all those.
Yet seem'd it Winter stil, and you away,
As with your shaddow I with these did play.

99

THe forward violet thus did I chide,
Sweet theefewhence didst thou steale thy sweet that
If not from my loues breath, the purple pride, (smels
Which on thy soft checke for complexion dwells?
In my loues veines thou hast too grosely died,
The Lillie I condemned for thy hand,
And buds of marierom had stolne thy haire,
The Roses fearefully on thornes did stand,
Our blushing shame, an other white dispaire:
A third nor red, nor white, had stolne of both,
And to his robbry had annext thy breath,
But for his theft in pride of all his growth
A vengfull canker ate him vp to death.
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,
But sweet, or culler it had stolne from thee.

100

V V Here art thou Muse that thou forgetst so long,
To speake of that which giues thee all thy might?
Spendst thou thy furie on some worthlesse songe,
Darkning thy powre to lead base subiects light.
Returne forgetfull Muse, and straight redeeme,
In gentle numbers time so idely spent,
Sing to the care that doth thy laies esteeme,
And giues thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise resty Muse, my loues sweet face suruay,
If time haue any wrinkle grauen there,
If any, be a *Satire* to decay,
And make times spoiles despised euery where.
Giue my loue fame faster then time wastis life,
So thou preuenst his fiet, and crooked knife.

101

OH truant Muse what shalbe thy amends,

For

S O N N E T S.

For thy neglect of truth in beauty di'd?
Both truth and beauty on my loue depends:
So dost thou too, and therein dignifi'd:
Make answere Muse, wilt thou not haply saie,
Truth needs no colour with his colour fixt,
Beautie no pensell, beauties truth to lay:
But best is best, if neuer intermixt.
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so, for't lies in thee,
To make him much out-lie a gilded tombe:
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.

Then do thy office Muse, I teach thee how,
To make him seeme long hence, as he shoues now.

102

MY loue is strengthned though more weake in see-
I loue not lesse, thogh lesse the show appeare, (ming
That loue is marchandiz'd, whose ritch esteeming,
The owners tongue doth publish euery where.
Our loue was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my laies,
As *Philomell* in summers front doth singe,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper daies:
Not that the summer is lesse pleasant now
Then when her mournefull hymns did hush the night,
But that wild musick burthens euery bow,
And sweet's growne common loose their deare delight.

Therefore like her, I some-time hold my tongue:
Because I would not dull you with my songe.

103

ALack what pouerty my Muse brings forth,
That hauing such a skope to show her pride,
The argument all bare is of more worth
Then when it hath my added praise beside.
Oh blame me not if I no more can write!
Looke in your glasse and there appeares a face,
That ouer-goes my blunt inuention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.

G 2

Were

SHAKESPEARE.

Were it not sinfull then striuing to mend,
To marre the subiect that before was well,
For to no other passe my verses tend,
Then of your graces and your gifts to tell.

And more, much more then in my verse can fit,
Your owne glasse shewes you, when you looke in it.

104

To me faire friend you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyde,
Such seemes your beautie still: Three Winters colde,
Haue from the forrests shooke three summers pride,
Three beautious springs to yellow *Autumne* turn'd,
In processe of the seasons haue I seene,
Three Aprill perfumes in three hot Iunes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh which yet are greene.
Ah yet doth beauty like a Dyall hand,
Steale from his figure, and no pace perceiu'd,
So your sweete hew, which me thinkes still doth stanke
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceaued.

For feare of which, heare this thou age vnbred,
Ere you were borne was beauties summer dead.

105

Let not my loue be cal'd Idolatrie,
Nor my beloued as an Idoll show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be
To one, of one, still such, and euer so.
Kinde is my loue to day, to morrow kinde,
Still constant in a wondrous excellencie,
Therefore my verse to constancie confin'de,
One thing expressing, leaues out difference.
Faire, kinde, and true, is all my argument,
Faire, kinde and true, yarryng to other words,
And in this change is my iuencion spent,
Three theams in one, which wondrous scope affords.
Faire, kinde, and true, haue often liu'd alone.
Which three till now, never kept seate in one.

When

SONNETS.

106

Vhen in the Chronicle of wasted time,
 I see discriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beautie making beautifull old rime,
 Praise of Ladies dead, and louely Knights,
 When in the blazon of sweet beauties best,
 Of hand, of foote, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 See their antique Pen would haue exprest,
 When such a beauty as you maister now.
 All their praises are but prophesies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
 And for they look'd but with deuining eyes,
 They had not still enough your worth to sing:
 For we which now behold these present dayes,
 Haue eyes to wonder, but lacke yonge to praise.

107

Vot mine owne feares, nor the prophetick soule,
 Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
 Can yet the lease of my true loue controule,
 Uponesse as forfeit to a confin'd doome.
 The mortall Moone hath her eclipse indur'd,
 And the sad Augurs mock their owne presage,
 Certainties now crowne them-selues assur'd,
 And peace proclaims Olyues of endlesse age.
 Now with the drops of this most balmie time,
 My loue looks fresh, and death to me subscribes,
 Since spight of him Ile live in this poore rime,
 While he insults ore dull and speachlesse tribes.
 And thou in this shalt finde thy monument,
 When tyrants crests and tombs of brasie are spent.

108

VVHat's in the braine that Inck may character,
 Which hath not figur'd to thee my true spirit:
 What's new to speake, what now to register,
 That may expresse my loue, or thy deare merit?
 Nothing sweet boy, but yet like prayers diuine,

SHAKESPEARES.

I must each day say ore the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Euen as when first I hallowed thy faire name.
So that eternall loue in loues fresh case,
Waighes not the dust and iniury of age,
Nor giues to necessary wrinckles place,
But makes antiquitie for aye his page,
 Finding the first conceit of loue there bred,
 Where time and outward forme would shew it dead,

109

O Neuer say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to quallifie,
As easie might I from my selfe depart,
As from my soule which in thy brest doth lye :
That is my home of loue, if I haue rang'd,
Like him that trauels I returne againe,
Iust to the time, not with the time exchang'd,
So that my selfe bring water for my staine,
Neuer beleue though in my nature raign'd,
All frailties that besiege all kindes of blood,
That it could so preposterouslie be stain'd,
To leauue for nothing all thy summe of good :
 For nothing this wide Vniuerse I call,
 Saue thou my Rose, in it thou art my all.

110

A Las 'tis true, I haue gone here and there,
And made my selfe a motley to the view,
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most deare,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I haue lookt on truth
Asconce and strangely: But by all aboue,
These blenches gaue my heart an other youth,
And worse essaies prou'd thee my best of loue,
Now all is done, haue what shall haue no end,
Mine appetite I neuer more will grin'de
On newer proofe, to trie an older friend,
A God in loue, to whom I am confin'd.

Then

SONNETS.

Then giue me welcome, next my heauen the best,
Euen to thy pure and most most louing brest.

111

O For my sake doe you wish fortune chide,
The guiltie goddesse of my harmfull deeds,
That did not better for my life prouide,
Then publick meanes which publick manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receiuers a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd
To what it workes in, like the Dyers hand,
Pitty me then, and wish I were renu'de,
Whilst like a willing pacient I will drinke,
Potions of Eysell agaist my strong infection,
No bitternesse that I will bitter thinke,
Nor double penance to correct correction.

Pittie me then deare friend, and I assure yee,
Euen that your pittie is enough to cure mee.

112

Y Our loue and pittie doth th'impreffion fill,
Which vulgar scandall stamp't vpon my brow,
For what care I who calles me well or ill,
So you ore-greene my bad, my good alow?
You are my All the world, and I must striue,
To know my shames and praifes from your toungue,
None else to me, nor I to none aliuie,
That my steel'd fence or changes right or wrong,
In so profound *Abisme* I throw all care
Of others voyces, that my Adders fence,
To cryt Hick and to flatterer stopped are:
Marke how with my neglect I doe dispence.

You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides me thinkes y'are dead.

113

S Ince I left you, mine eye is in my minde,
And that which gouernes me to goe about,
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,

Seemes

SHAKESPEARES.

Seemes seeing, but effectually is out:
For it no forme deliuers to the heart
Of bird, of flowre, or shape which it doth lack,
Of his quick obiects hath the minde no part,
Nor his owne vision houlds what it doth catch:
For if it see the rud'st or gentleſt ſight,
The moſt ſweet-fauor or deformedſt creature,
The mountaine, or the ſea, the day, or night:
The Croe, or Doue, it shapes them to your feature.
Incapable of more repleat, with you,
My moſt true minde thus maketh mine vnltrue.

114

O R whether doth my minde being crown'd with you
Drinke vp the monarks plague this flattery?
Or whether ſhall I ſay mine eie faith true,
And that your loue taught it this *Aleymie*?
To make of monsters, and things indigefit,
Such cherubines as your ſweet ſelfe reſemble,
Creating every bad a perfect beſt
As faſt as obiects to his beames aſemble:
Oh tis the firſt, tis flattery in my ſeeing,
And my great minde moſt kingly drinkes it vp,
Mine eie well knowes what with his guſt is greeing,
And to his pallat doth prepare the cup.
If it be poison'd, tis the leſſer ſinne,
That mine eye loues it and doth firſt beginne.

115

T hose lines that I before haue writ doe lie,
Euen thoſe that ſaid I could not loue you dearer,
Yet then my iudgement knew no reaſon why,
My moſt ful flame ſhould afterwards burne cleerer.
But reckoning time, whose milliond accidents
Creepe in twixt vowes, and change decrees of Kings,
Tan ſacred beautie, blunt the ſharpſt intents,
Diuert ſtrong mindes to th' course of altring things:
Alas why fearing of times tiranic,

Might

S O N N E T S.

Might I not then say now I loue you best,
When I was certaine ore in-certainty,
Crowning the present,doubting of the rest:
Loue is a Babe , then might I not say so
To giue full growth to that which it'll doth grow.

119

Let me not to the marriage of true mindes
Admit impediments,loue is not loue
Which alters when it alteration findes,
Or bends with the remouer to remoue,
O no,it is an euer fixed marke
That lookes on tempests and is neuer shaken;
It is the star to euery wandring barke,
Whose worths vnknowne,although his higth be taken.
Lou's not Times foole,though rosie lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickles compasse come,
Loue alters not with his breefe houres and weekes,
But beares it out euen to the edge of doome:
If this be error and vpon me proued,
I neuer writ,nor no man euer loued.

117

Accuse me thus,that I haue scanted all,
Wherin I should your great deserts repay,
Forgot vpon your dearest loue to call,
Where al bonds do tie me day by day,
That I haue frequent binne with vnknown mindes,
And giuen to time your owne deare purchas'd right,
That I haue hoysted saile to al the windes
Which should transport me farthest from your sight.
Booke both my wilfulness and errors downe,
And on iust prooife surmyle,accumulate,
Bring me within the leuel of your frownes,
But shoote not at me in your wakened hate:
Since my appeale faies I did striue to prooue
The constancy and virtue of your loue

H

118

SHAKESPEARES

118

Like as to make our appetites more keene
 With eager compounds we our pallat vrge,
 As to preuent our malladies vnseene,
 We sicken to shun sicknesse when we purge.
 Euen so being full of your nere cloying sweetnesse,
 To bitter sawces did I frame my feeding;
 And sicke of wel-fare found a kind of meetnesse,
 To be diseas'd ere that there was true needing.
 Thus pollicie in loue t'anticipate
 The ills that were, not grew to faults assured,
 And brought to medicine a healthfull state
 Which rancke of goodnessse would by ill be cured.
 But thence I learne and find the lesson true,
 Drugs poysон him that so fell sicke of you.

119

WHat potions haue I drunke of *Syren* teares
 Distil'd from Lymbecks foule as hell within,
 Applying feares to hopes, and hopes to feares,
 Still loosing when I saw my selfe to win?
 What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
 Whilst it hath thought it selfe so blessed neuer?
 How haue mine eies out of their Spheares bene fitted
 In the distraction of this madding feuer?
 O benefit of ill, now I find true
 That better is, by euil still made better.
 And ruin'd loue when it is built anew
 Growes fairer then at first, more strong, far greater.
 So I returne rebukt to my content,
 And gaine by ills thrise more then I haue spent.

120

THat you were once vnkind be-friends mee now,
 And for that sorrow, which I then didde feelc,
 Needes must I vnder my transgression bow,
 Vnlesse my Nerus were brasse or hammered steele.
 For if you were by my vnkindnesse shakē

SONNETS.

As I by yours , y'haue past a hell of Time,
And I a tyrant haue no leasure taken
To waigh how once I suffered in your crime.
O that our night of wo might haue remembred
My deepest fense, how hard true sorrow hits,
And soone to you, as you to me then tendred
The humble falue, which wounded bosomes fits!
But that your trespaſſe now becomes a fee,
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransome mee,

121

T IS better to be vile then vyle esteemed,
When not to be, receiuers reproach of being,
And the iuft pleasure lost, which is so deemed,
Not by our feeling, but by others seeing.
For why should others false adulterat eyes
Giue salutation to my sportiue blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies;
Which in their wils count bad what I think good?
Noe, I am that I am, and they that leuell
At my abusess, reckon vp their owne,
I may be straight though they them-selues be beuel
By their rancke thoughtes, my deedes must not be shown
Vnlesſe this generall euill they maintaine,
All men are bad and in their badnesſe raigne.

122.

T Thy guift, thy tables, are within my braine
Full characterd with lasting memory,
Which shall aboue that idle rancke remaine
Beyond all date euen to eternity.
Or at the least, so long as braine and heart
Haue facultie by nature to subsist,
Til each to raz'd obliuion yeeld his part
Of thee, thy record neuer can be mist:
That poore retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I talies thy deare loue to skore,
Therefore to giue them from me was I bold.

H 2



SHAKESPEARES

To trust those tables that receaue thee more,
 To keepe an adiunct to remember thee,
 Were to import forgetfulnesse in mee.

123

NO! Time, thou shalt not boſt that I doe change,
 Thy pyramyds buylt vp with newer might
 To me are nothing nouell, nothing ſtrange,
 They are but dreflings of a former fight:
 Our dates are breefe, and therefor we admire,
 What thou doſt foyle vpon vs that is ould,
 And rather make them borne to our deſire,
 Then thinke that we before haue heard them tould:
 Thy registers and thee I both defie,
 Not wondring at the preſent, nor the paſt,
 For thy records, and what we ſee doth lye,
 Made more or les by thy continuall haſt:
 This I doe vow and this ſhall euer be,
 I will be true diſpight thy ſyeth and thee.

124

FY my deare loue were but the childe of ſtate,
 It might for fortunes bastered be vnfathered,
 As ſubiect to times loue, or to times hate,
 Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gatherd.
 No it was buyldeſ far from accident,
 It ſuffers not in ſmilinge pomp, nor falls
 Vnder the blow of thralled diſcontent,
 Whereto th'inuiting time our fashion calls:
 It feares not policy that *Heritickē*,
 Which workes on leaſes of ſhort numbred howers,
 But all alone stands hugely pollitick,
 That it nor growes with heat, nor drownes with ſhowerſ.
 To this I witnes call the foles of time,
 Which die for goodnes, who haue liu'd for crime.

125

VVER't ought to me I bore the canopy,
 With my extēn the outward honoring,

Or

SONNETS.

Or layd great bases for eternity,
Which proues more short then wast or ruining?
Haue I not seene dwellers on forme and fauor
Lose all, and more by paying too much rent
For compound sweet; Forgoing simple fauor,
Pittifull thriuors in their gazing spent.
Noe, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblacion, poore but free,
Which is not mixt with seconds, knows no art,
But mutuall render onely me for thee.

Hence, thou subbornd *Informer*, a trew soule
When most impeacht, stands least in thy controule.

126

O Thou my louely Boy who in thy power,
Doest hould times fickle glasse, his sickle, hower:
Who hast by wayning growne, and therein shou'ft,
Thy louers withering, as thy sweet selfe grow'ft.
If Nature (soueraine misteres ouer wrack)
As thou goest onwards still will plucke thee backe,
She keepes thee to this purpose, that her skill.
May time disgrace, and wretched mynuit kill.
Yet feare her O thou minnion of her pleasure,
She may detaine, but not still keepe her trefure!
Her *Audite* (though delayd) answer'd must be,
And her *Quietus* is to render thee.

{ }

127

In the ould age blacke was not counted faire,
Or if it weare it bore not beauties name:
But now is blacke beauties successiue heire,
And Beautie slandered with a bastard shame,
For since each hand hath put on Natures power,
Fairing the foule with Aits faulfe borrow'd face,
Sweet beauty hath no name no holy boure,
But is prophan'd, if not liues in disgrace.

H 3

Therefore

SHAKESPEARE

Therefore my Mistersse eyes are Rauen blacke,
Her eyes so futed, and they mourners seeme,
At such who not borne faire no beauty lack,
Slandring Creation with a false esteeme,
Yet so they mourne becomming of their woe,
That evry young saies beauty should looke so.

128

How oft when thou my musike inusike playst,
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers when thou gently swayst,
The wiry concord that mine eare confounds,
Do I enuie those Iackes that nimble leape,
To kisse the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poore lips which shold that haruest reape,
At the woods bouldnes by thee blushing stand.
To be so tickled they would change their state,
And situation with those dancing chips,
Ore whome their fingers walke with gentle gate,
Making dead wood more blest then liuing lips,
Since saufie Iackes so happy are in this,
Giue them their fingers, me thy lips to kisse.

129

The expence of Spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action, and till action, lust
Is periurd, murdrous, blouddy full of blame,
Sauage, extreame, rude, cruell, not to trust,
In ioyd no sooner but despised straight,
Past reason hunted, and no sooner had
Past reason hated as a swollowed bayt,
On purpose layd to make the taker mad.
Made In pursut and in possession so,
Had, hausing, and in quest, to haue extreame,
A blisse in proofe and proud and very wo,
Before a ioy proposd behind a dreame,
All this the world well knowes yet none knowes well,
To shun the heauen that leads men to this hell.

My

SONNETS.

130

MY Mistres eyes are nothing like the Sunne,
Currall is farre more red, then her lips red,
If snow be white, why then her brests are dun:
If haires be wiers, black wiers grow on her head:
I haue scene Roses damaskt, red and white,
But no such Roses see I in her cheekes,
And in some perfumes is there more delight,
Then in the breath that from my Mistres reekes.
I loue to heare her speake, yet well I know,
That Musicke hath a farre more pleasing sound:
I graunt I neuer saw a goddesse goe,
My Mistres when shee walkes treads on the ground.

And yet by heauen I thinke my loue as rare,
As any she beli'd with false compare.

131

Thou art as tiranous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them cruell;
For well thou know'st to my deare doting hart
Thou art the fairest and most precious Iewell.
Yet in good faith some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make loue grone;
To say they erre, I dare not be so bold,
Although I sweare it to my selfe alone.
And to be sure that is not false I sweare
A thousand grones but thinking on thy face,
One on anothers necke do witnesse beare
Thy blacke is fairest in my iudgements place.
In nothing art thou blacke faue in thy deeds,
And thence this slander as I thinke proceeds.

132

Hine cies I loue, and they as pittyng me,
Knowing thy heart torment me with disdaine,
Haue put on blacke, and louing mourners bee,
Looking with pretty ruth vpon my paine,

And

SHAKESPEARE'S

And truly not the morning Sun of Heauen
 Better becomes the gray cheeks of th' East,
 Nor that full Starre that vshers in the Eauen
 Doth halfe that glory to the sober West
 As those two morning eyes become thy face:
 O let it then as well beseeme thy heart
 To mourne for me since mourning doth thee grace,
 And sute thy pitty like in euery part.

Then will I sweare beauty her selfe is blacke,
 And all they foule that thy complexion lacke.

133

BEshrew that heart that makes my heart to groane
 For that deepe wound it giues my friend and me;
 I'lt not ynough to torture me alone,
 But slauie to slauery my sweet'lt friend must be.
 Me from my selfe thy cruell eye hath taken,
 And my next selfe thou harder hast ingrossed,
 Of him,my selfe, and thee I am forsaken,
 A torment thrice three-fold thus to be crossed :
 Prison my heart in thy steele bosomes warde,
 But then my friends heart let my poore heart bale,
 Who ere keepes me, let my heart be his garde,
 Thou canst not then vse rigor in my Taile.

And yet thou wilt, for I being pent in thee,
 Perforce am thine and all that is in me.

134

SO now I haue confess that he is thine,
 And I my selfe am morgag'd to thy will,
 My selfe Ile forfeit, so that other mine,
 Thou wilt restore to be my comfort still:
 But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
 For thou art couetous, and he is kinde,
 He learnd but suretie-like to write for me,
 Vnder that bond that him as fast doth binde.
 The stature of thy beauty thou wilt take,
 Thou vsurer that put'st forth all to vse,

And

SONNETS.

And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake,
So him I loose through my vnkinde abuse.

Him haue I lost, thou hast both him and me,
He pases the whole, and yet am I not free.

135

W^Ho euer hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* too boote, and *Will* in ouer-plus,
More then enough am I that vexe thec still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou whose will is large and spatiouſ,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine,
Shall will in others seeme right gracious,
And in my will no faire acceptance shine:
The ſea all water, yet receiuſ raine ſtill,
And in abundance addeth to his ſtore,
So thou beeing rich in *Will* adde to thy *Will*,
One will of mine to make thy large *Will* more.

Let no vnkinde, no faire beſeechers kill,
Thinke all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

136

I^F thy ſoule check thee that I come ſo neere,
I ſweare to thy blind ſoule that I was thy *Will*,
And will thy ſoule knowes is admitted there,
Thus farre for loue, my loue-lute ſweet fullfill.
Will, will fulfill the treasure of thy loue,
I fill it full with wiſ, and my will one,
In thiſgs of great receit with eaſe we prooue,
Among a number one is reckon'd none.
Then iſ the number let me paſſe vntold,
Though in thy ſtores account I one muſt be,
For nothing hold me ſo it please thee hold,
That nothing me, a ſome-thing ſweet to thee.

Make but my name thy loue, and loue that ſtill,
And then thou louest me for my name is *Will*.

137

T^Hou blinde foole loue, what dooſt thou to mine eyes,
I That

SHAKESPEARES

That they behold and see not what they see :
They know what beautie is, see where it lyes,
Yet what the best is, take the worst to be.
If eyes corrupt by ouer-partiall lookes,
Be anchord in the baye where all men ride,
Why of eyes falsehood hast thou forged hooke.
Whereto the iudgement of my heart is tide ?
Why should my heart thinke that a feuerall plot,
Which my heart knowes the wide worlds common place ?
Or mine eyes seeing this, say this is not
To put faire truth vpon so foule a face,
In things right true my heart and eyes haue erred,
And to this false plague are they now transferred.

138

When my loue sweares that she is made of truth,
I do beleue her though I know she lyes,
That she might thinke me some vntuterd youth,
Vnlearned in the worlds false subtleties.
Thus vainely thinking that she thinkes me young,
Although she knowes my dayes are past the best,
Simply I credit her false speaking tongue,
On both sides thus is simple truth supprest :
But wherefore sayes she not she is vniusf ?
And wherefore say not I that I am old ?
O loues best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in loue, loues not t'haue yeare's told.
Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
And in our faults by-lyes we flattered be.

139

O Cal not me to iustifie the wrong,
I hat thy vnkindnesse layes vpon my heart,
Wound me not with thine eye but with thy tong,
Vse power with power, and slay me not by Art,
Tell me thou lou'st else-where; but in my sight,
Deare heart forbear to glance thine eye aside,
What needist thou wound with cunning when thy might

12

S O N N E T S.

Is more then my ore-prest defence can bide?
Let me excuse thee ah my loue well knowes,
Her prettie lookes haue beene mine enemies,
And therefore from my face she turnes my foes,
That they else-where might dart their iniurie :

Yet do not so, but since I am neere slaine,
Kill me out-right with lookes, and rid my paine.

140

B E wise as thou art cruell, do not presse
My young tide patience with too much disdaine :
Least sorrow lend me words and words expresse,
The manner of my pittie wanting paine.
If I might teach thee witte better it weare,
Though not to loue, yet loue to tell me so,
As testie sick-men when their deaths be neere,
No newes but health from their Phisitions know.
For if I should dispaire I should grow madde,
And in my madnesse might speake ill of thee,
Now this ill wresting world is growne so bad,
Madde slanderers by madde eares beleued be.

That I may not be so, nor thou be lyde, (wide.
Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud heart goc

141

I N faith I doe not loue thee with mine eyes,
For they in thee a thousand errors note,
But 'tis my heart that loues what they dispise,
Who in dispight of view is please to dete.
Nor are mine eares with thy youngs tune delighted,
Nor tender feeling to base touches prone,
Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
To any sensuall feast with thee alone :
But my fwe wits, nor my fwe fences can
Diswade one foolish heart from seruing thee,
Wholcaues vnsawai'd the likenesse of a man,
Thy proud hearts slave and vassall wretch to be :

Onely my plague thus farre I count my gaine,
That she that makes me fne, awards me paine.

1 2

Lone

SHAKESPEARES

142

L Oue is my sinne, and thy deare vertue hate,
 Hate of my sinne, grounded on sinfull louing,
 O but with mine, compare thou thine owne state,
 And thou shalt finde it merrits not reproouing,
 Or if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That haue prophan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seald false bonds of loue as oft as mine,
 Robd others beds reuenues of their rents.
 Be it lawfull I loue thee as thou lou'st those,
 Whome thine eyes woee as mine importune thee,
 Roote pittie in thy heart that when it growes,
 Thy pitty may deserue to pittied bee.

If thou doost seeke to haue what thou doost hide,
 By selfe example mai'st thou be denide.

143

L Oue as a carefull huswife runnes to catch,
 One of her fethered creatures broake away,
 Sets downe her babe and makes all swift dispatch
 In pursuit of the thing she would haue stay:
 Whilst her neglected child holds her in chace,
 Cries to catch her whose busie care is bent,
 To follow that which flies before her face:
 Not prizing her poore infants discontent;
 So runst thou after that which flies from thee,
 Whilst I thy babe chace thee a farre behind,
 But if thou catch thy hope turne back to me:
 And play the mothers part kisse me, be kind.

So will I pray that thou ma'st haue thy *will*,
 If thou turne back and my loude crying still.

144

TWO loues I haue of comfort and dispaire,
 Which like two spirits do sugiest me still,
 The better angell is a man right faire:
 The worser spirit a woman colour'd ill.
 To win me soone to hell my femall cuill,

Tempter

S O N N E T S.

Tempteth my better angel from my sight,
And would corrupt my saint to be a diuel:
Wooing his purity with her fowle pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd finde,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell,
But being both from me both to each friend,
I gesse one angel in an others hel.

Yet this shal I nere know but liue in doubt,
Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

145

Those lips that Loues owne hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said I hate,
To me that languisht for her sake:
But when she saw my wofull state,
Straight in her heart did mercie come,
Chiding that tongue that euer sweet,
Was vnde in giuing gentle domē:
And tought it thus a new to greeete:
I hate she alterd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day,
Doth follow night who like a fiend
From heauen to hell is flowne away.
I hate, from hate away she threw,
And sau'd my life saying not you.

146

Poore soule the center of my sinfull earth,
My sinfull earth these rebbell powres that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within and suffer dearth
Painting thy outward walls so costlie gay?
Why so large cost hauing so short a lease,
Dost thou vpon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall wormes inheritors of this exceſſe?
Eate vp thy charge? is this thy bodies end?
Then soule liue thou vpon thy seruants losſe,
And let that pine to agrauat thy Iſore;
Buy tearmes diuine in ſelling houres of drosse:

SHAKESPEARES

Within be fed, without be rich no more,
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, ther's no more dying then.

147

MY loue is as a feauer longing still,
For that which longer nurseth the disease,
Feeding on that which doth preserue the ill,
Th' vncertaine sicklie appetite to please:
My reason the Phisition to my loue,
Argry that his prescriptions are not kept
Hath left me, and I desperate now approoue,
Desire is death, which Phisick did except.
Past cure I am, now Reason is past care,
And frantick madde with euer-more vnrest,
My thoughts and my discourse as mad mens are,
At randon from the truth vainely exprest.
For I haue sworne thee faire, and thought thee bright,
Who art as black as hell, as darke as night.

148

O Me ! what eyes hath loue put in my head,
Which haue no correspondence with true sight,
Or if they haue, where is my iudgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright ?
If that be faire whereon my false eyes dote,
What meanes the world to say it is not so ?
If it be not, then loue doth well denote,
Loues eye is not so true as all mens: no,
How can it ? O how can loues eye be true,
That is so vext with watching and with teares ?
No maruaile then though I mistake my view,
The sunne it selfe sees not, till heauen cleeres.
O cunning loue, with teares thou keepst me blinde,
Least eyes well seeing thy soule faults should finde.

149

Canst thou O cruell, say I loue thee not,
When I against my selfe with thee pertake ?

Doe

SONNETS.

Doe I not thi ike on thee when I forgot
Am of my selfe, all tirant for thy sake?
Who hateth thee that I doe call my friend,
On whom froun'st thou that I doe faune vpon,
Nay if thou lowrst on me doe I not spend
Reuenge vpon my selfe with present mone?
What merrit do I in my selfe respect,
That is so proude thy seruice to dispise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes.

But loue hate on for now I know thy minde,
Those that can see thou lou'st, and I am blind.

150

O H from what powre hast thou this powrefull might,
VVith insufficiency my heart to sway,
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swere that brightnesse doth not grace the day?
Whence hast thou this becomming of things il,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds,
There is such strength and warrantie of skill,
That in my minde thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me loue thee more,
The more I heare and see iust cause of hate,
Oh though I loue what others doe abhor,
VVith others thou shouldest not abhor my state.

If thy vnworthiness raifd loue in me,
More worthy I to be belou'd of thee.

151

L Oue is too young to know what conscience is,
Yet who knowes not conscience is borne of loue,
Then gentle cheater vrge not my amisse,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet selfe proue.
For thou betraying me, I doe betray
My nobler part to my grose bodies treason,
My soule doth tell my body that he may,
Triumph in loue, flesh staies no farther reason,

SHAKESPEARES

But rysing at thy name doth point out thee,
As his triumphant prize, proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poore drudge to be
To stand in thy affaires, fall by thy side.

No want of conscience hold it that I call,
Her loue, for whose deare loue I rise and fall.

152

I louing thee thou know'st I am forsworne,
But thou art twice forsworne to me loue swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broake and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new loue bearing:
But why of two othes breach doe I accuse thee,
When I breake twenty: I am perjur'd most,
For all my vowes are othes but to misuse thee:
And all my honest faith in thee is lost.
For I haue sworne deepe othes of thy deepe kindnesse:
Othes of thy loue, thy truth, thy constancie,
And to inlighten thee gaue eyes to blidnesse,
Or made them swere against the thing they see.

For I haue sworne thee faire: more perjurde eye,
To swere against the truth so foule a lie.

153

Cupid laid by his brand and fell a sleepe,
A maide of Dyan's this aduantage found,
And his loue-kindling fire did quickly steepe
In a could vallie-fountaine of that ground:
Which borrowd from this holie fire of loue,
A datelesse liuely heat still to indure,
And grew a seething bath which yet men proue,
Against strangmalladies a soueraigne cure:
But at my mistres eie loues brand new fired,
The boy for triall needles would touch my brest,
I sick withall the helpe of bath desired,
And therer hied a sad distempred guest.

But found no cure, the bath for my helpe lies,
Where Cupid got new fire; my mistres eye.

154

S O N N E T S.

154

He little Loue-God lying once a sleepe,
Laid by his side his heart inflaming brand,
Whilst many Nympthes that you'd chast life to keep,
Came tripping by, but in her maiden hand,
The fayrest votary tooke vp that fire,
Which many Legions of true hearts had warm'd,
And so the Generall of hot desire,
Was sleeping by a Virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a coole Well by,
Which from loues fire tooke heat perpetuall,
Growing a bath and healthfull remedy,
For men diseasd, but I my Mistrisse thrall,
Came there for cure and this by that I proue,
Loues fire heates water, water cooles not loue.

F I N I S.

K

A

A Louers complaint.

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

From off a hill whose concave womb reworded,
A plaintfull story from a ftring vale
My spirits t'attend this doble voyce accorded,
And downe I laid to list the sad tun'd tale,
Ere long espied a fickle maid full pale
Tearing of papers breaking rings a twaine,
Storming her world with sorrowes, wind and raine.

Vpon her head a plattid huie of straw,
Which fortified her visage from the Sunne,
Whereon the thought might thinke sometime it saw
The carkas of a beauty spent and donne,
Time had not sithed all that youth begun,
Nor youth all quit, but spight of heauens fell rage,
Some beauty peept, through lattice of sear'd age.

Oft did she haue her Napkin to her eyne,
Which on it had conceited charecters:
Laundring the filken figures in the brine,
That seasoned woe had pelleted in teares,
And often reading what contents it beares:
As often shriking vndistinguisth wo,
In clamours of all size both high and low.

Some-times her leuell eyes their carriage ride,
As they did battry to the spheres intend:
Sometime diuerted their poore balls are tide,
To th'orbed earth; sometimes they do extend,
Their view right on, anon their gales lend,

To

C O M P L A I N T

To every place at once and no where fixt,
The mind and sight distractedly communxit.

Her haire nor loose nor ti'd in formall plat,
Proclaimd in her a careless hand of pride;
For some vntuck'd descended her sheu'd hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheeke beside,
Some in her threeden fillet still did bide,
And trew to bondage would not breake from thence,
Though slackly braided in loose negligence.

A thousand fauours from a maund she drew,
Of amber christall and of bedded Iet,
Which one by one she in a riuier threw,
Upon whose weeping margent she was set,
Like vsery applying wet to wet,
Or Monarchs hands that lets not bounty fall,
Where want cries some; but where excessie begs all.

Offolded schedulls had she many a one,
Which she perus'd, sigh'd, tore and gaue the fluid,
Crackt many a ring of Posied gold and bone,
Bidding them find their Sepulchers in mud,
Found yet mo letters sadly pend in blood,
With fledide silke, feate and affectedly
Enswath'd and seald to curious secrecy.

These often bath'd she in her fluxiue eies,
And often kist, and often gaue to teare,
Cried O false blood thou register of lies.
What vnapproued witnes doost thou beare!
Inke would haue seem'd more blacke and damned heare!
This said in top of rage the lines she rents,
Big discontent, so breaking their contents.

A reuerend man that graz'd his cattell ny,

A LOVERS

Sometime a blus' erer that the ruffe knew
Of Court of Cittie, and had let go by
The swiftest houres obserued as they flew,
Towards this afflicted fancy fastly drew:
And priuiledg'd by age desires to know
In breefe the grounds and motiues of her wo.

So slides he downe vpon his greyned bat;
And comely distant sits he by her side,
When hee againe desires her, being satte,
Her greeuance with his hearing to deuide:
If that from him there may be ought applied
Which may her suffering extasie asswage
Tis promist in the charitie of age.

Father she saies, though in mee you behold
The iniury of many a blasting houre;
Let it not tell your Judgement I am old,
Not age, but sorrow, ouer me hath power;
I might as yet haue bene a spreading flower
Fresh to my selfe, if I had selfe applyed
Loue to my selfe, and to no Loue beside.

But wo is mee, too early I attended
A youthfull suit it was to gaine my grace;
O one by natures outwards so commended,
That maidens eyes stucke ouer all his face,
Loue lackt a dwelling and made him her place.
And when in his faire parts shee didde abide,
Shee was new lodg'd and newly Deified.

His browny locks did hang in crooked curles,
And euery light occasion of the wind
Vpon his lippes their silken parcels hurles,
Whats sweet to do, to do wil aptly find,
Each eye that saw him did inchaunt the minde;

C O M P L A I N T

For on his visage was in little drawne,
What largenesse thinkes in parradise was sawne.

Smal shew of man was yet vpon his chinne,
His phenix downe began but to appeare
Like vnshorne veluet, on that termlesse skin
Whose bare out-brag'd the web it seem'd to were.
Yet shewed his visage by that cost more deare,
And nice affections wauering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without.

His qualities were beautious as his forme,
For maiden tongu'd he was and thereof free;
Yet if men mou'd him, was he such a stome
As oft twixt May and Aprill is to see,
When windes breath sweet, vnruly though they bee.
His rudenesse so with his authoriz'd youth,
Did liuery falsenesse in a pride of truth.

Wel could hee ride, and often men would say
That horse his mettell from his rider takes
Proud of subiection, noble by the swaie, (makes
What rounds, what bounds, what course what stop he
And controuersie hence a question takes,
Whether the horse by him became his deed,
Or he his mannat'g, by th wel doing Steed.

But quickly on this side the verdict went,
His reall habitude gaue life and grace
To appertainings and to ornament,
Accomplisht in him-selfe not in his case:
All ayds them-felues made fairer by their place,
Can for addicions, yet their purpos'd trimme
Feece'd not his grace but were al grac'd by him.

So on the tip of his subduing tongue.

A L O V E R S

All kinde of arguments and question deepe,
Al replication prompt, and reason strong
For his aduantage still did wake and sleep,
To make the weeper laugh, the laugher weep.
He had the dialect and different skil,
Catching al passions in his craft of will.

That hee didde in the general bofome raigne
Of young, of old, and sexes both enchanted,
To dwel with him in thoughts, or to remaine
In perfonal duty, following where he haunted,
Consent's bewitcht, ere he desire haue granted,
And dialogu'd for him what he would say,
Askt their own wils and made their wils obey.

Many there were that did his picture gette
To serue their eies, and in it put their mind,
Like fooles that in th' imagination set
The goodly obiects which abroad they find
Of lands and mansions, theirs in thought assign'd,
And labouring in moe pleasures to bestow them,
Then the true gouty Land-lord which doth owe them.

So many haue that neuer toucht his hand
Sweetly suppos'd them mistresse of his hearts
My wofull selfe that did in freedome stand,
And was my owne fee simple (not in part)
What with his art in youth and youth in art
Threw my affections in his charmed power,
Reseru'd the stalke and gaue him al my flower.

Yet did I not as some my equals did
Demaund of him, nor being desired yeelded,
Finding my selfe in honour so forbidded,
With safest distance I mine honour sheelded,
Experience for me many bulwarkes builded

C O M P L A I N T .

Of proofs new bleeding which remaind the foile
Of this false Lewell, and his amorous spoile.

But ah who euer shun'd by precedent,
The destin'd ill she must her selfe assay,
Or forc'd examples gainst her owne content
To put the by-past perrils in her way?
Counsaile may stop a while what will not stay:
For when we rage, aduise is often seene
By blunting vs to make our wits more keene.

Nor giues it satisfaction to our blood,
That wee must curbe it vpon others proofe,
To be forbod the sweets that seemes so good,
For feare of harmes that preach in our behoofe;
O appetite from iudgement stand aloofe!
The one a pallate hath that needs will taste,
Though season weepe and cry it is thy last.

For further I could say this mans vntrue,
And knew the patternes of his foule beguiling,
Heard where his plants in others Orchards grew,
Saw how deceits were guilded in his smiling,
Knew vowes, were euer brokers to defiling,
Thought Characters and words meerly but art
And bastards of his foule adulterat heart.

And long vpon these termes I held my Citty,
Till thus hee gan besiege me : Gentle maid
Haue of my suffering youth some feeling pity
And be not of my holy vowes affraid,
Thats to ye sworne to none was euer said,
For feasts of loue I haue bene call'd vnto
Till now did nere invite nor neuer vovv.

All my offences that abroad you see

A L O V E R S

Are errors of the blood none of the mind:
Loue made them not, with aucture they may be,
Where neither Party is nor trew nor kind,
They fought their shame that so their shame did find,
And so much leſſe of shame in me remaines,
By how much of me their reproch containes,

Among the many that mine eyes haue ſeene,
Not one whose flame my hart ſo much as warmed,
Or my affection put to th, ſmalles teene,
Or any of my leisures euer Charmed,
Harme haue I done to them but nere was harmed,
Kept hearts in liueries, but mine owne was free,
And raignd commaunding in his monarchy.

Looke heare what tributes wounded fancies ſent me,
Of palyd pearles and rubies red as blood:
Figuring that they their paſſions likewife lent me
Of greefe and bluſhes, aptly vnderſtood
In bloodeleſſe white, and the encrimfon'd mood,
Effects of terror and deare moideſty,
Encampt in hearts but fighting outwardly.

And Lo behold theſe tallents of their heir,
With twisted mettle amorouslly emploacht
I haue receau'd from many a ſeueral faire,
Their kind acceſſance, wepingly beſeecht,
With th' annexions of faire gems inricht,
And deepe brain'd ſonnets that did amplifie
Each ſtones deare Nature, worth and quallity.

The Diamond? why twas beautifull and hard,
Whereto his inuiſ'd properties did tend,
The deepe greene Emrald in whose fresh regard,
Weake fight their ſickly radience do amend.
The heauen hewd Saphir and the Opall blend

With

C O M P L A I N T .

With obiects manyfold ; each seuerall stome,
With wit well blazond smil'd or made some mone,

Lo all these trophies of affections hot,
Of pensiu'd and subdew'd desires the tender,
Nature hath chargd me that I hoord them not,
Bur yeeld them vp where I my selfe must render:
That is to you my origin and ender :
For these of force must your oblations be,
Since I their Aulter, y ou en patronē me.

Oh then aduance (of yours) that phraseles hand,
Whose white weighes downe the airy scale of praise,
Take all these similies to your owne command,
Hollowed with sighes that burning lunges did raise:
What me your minister for you obaies
Workes vnder you, and to your audit comes
Their distract parcells, in combined summes.

Lo this deuice was sent me from a Nun,
Or Sister sanctified of holiest note,
Which late her noble suit in court did shun,
Whose rarest hauings made the blossomis dote,
For she was sought by spirits of ritchest cote,
But kept cold distance, and did thence remoue,
To spend her liuing in eternall loue.

But oh my sweet what labour ist to leave,
The thing we haue not, mastring what not striues,
Playing the Place which did no forme receiur,
Playing patient sports in unconstraiid giues,
She that her fame so to her selfe contriues,
The scarres of battaille scapeth by the flight,
And makes her absence valiant, not her might.

Oh pardon me in that my boast is true,

A LOVERS

The accident which brought me to her eie,
Vpon the moment did her force subdewe,
And now she would the caged cloister flie:
Religious loue put out religions eye:
Not to be tempted would she be enur'd,
And now to tempt all liberty procure.

How mightie then you are, Oh heare me tell,
The broken bosoms that to me belong,
Haue emptied all their fountaines in my well:
And mine I powre your Ocean all amonge:
I strong ore them and you ore me being strong,
Must for your victorie vs all congeft,
As compound loue to phisick your cold breft.

My parts had powre to charme a sacred Sunne,
Who disciplin'd I dieted in grace,
Beleeu'd her eies, when they t' assaile begun,
All vowes and consecrations giuing place:
O most potentiall loue, yowe, bond, nor space
In thee hath neither sting, knot, nor confine
For thou art all and all things els are thine.

When thou impressest what are precepts worth
Of stale example? when thou wilt inflame,
How coldly those impediments stand forth
Of wealth of filliall feare, lawe, kindred fame, (shame
Loues armes are peace, gainst rule, gainst fence, gainst
And sweetens in the suffring pangues it beares,
The Alloes of all forces, shockes and feares.

Now all these hearts that doe on mine depend,
Feeling it break, with bleeding groanes they pine,
And supplicant their sighes to you extend
To leaue the battrie that you make gainst mine,
Lending soft audience, to my sweet designe,

And

C O M P L A I N T .

And credent soule, to that strong bonded oth,
That shall preferre and vndertake my troth.

This said, his watrie eies he did dismount,
Whose fightes till then were leaueld on my face,
Each cheeke a riuier running from a fount,
With brynish currant downe-ward flowed a pace:
Oh how the channell to the stremme gaue grace!
Who glaz'd with Christall gate the glowing Roses,
That flame through water which their hew incloses,

Oh father, what a hell of witch-craft lies,
In the small orb of one perticular teare?
But with the invndation of the eies:
What rocky heart to water will not weare?
What brest so cold that is not warmed heare,
Or cleft effect, cold modesty hot wrath:
Both fire from hence, and chill extinciture hath.

For loe his passion but an art of craft,
Euen there resolu'd my reason into teares,
There my white stole of chastity I daft,
Shooke off my sober gardes, and ciuill feares,
Appeare to him as he to me appeares:
All melting, though our drops this diffrence bore,
His poifon'd me, and mine did him restore.

In him a plenitude of subtle matter,
Applied to Cautills, all straing formes receiues,
Of burning blushes, or of weeping water,
Or sounding palenesse: and he takes and leaues,
In eithers aptnesse as it best deceiues:
To blush at speeches ranck, to weepe at woes
Or to turne white and sound at tragick showes.

That not a heart which in his leuell came,

THE LOVERS

Cou'd scape the haile of his all hurting ayne,
Shewing faire Nature is both kinde and tame:
And vaild in them did winne whom he would maime,
Against the thing he sought, he would exclaime,
When he most burnt in hart-wisht luxurie,
He preacht pure maide, and praisd cold chasteitie.

Thus merely with the garment of a grace,
The naked and concealed feind he couerd,
That th'vnexperient gaue the tempter place,
Which like a Cherubin aboue them houerd,
Who young and simple would not be so louerd.
Aye me I fell, and yet do question make,
What I should doe againe for such a sake.

O that infected moysture of his eye,
O that false fire which in his cheeke so glowed:
O that forc'd thunder from his heart did flye,
O that sad breath his spungie lungs bestowed,
O all that borrowed motion seeming owed,
Would yet againe betray the fore-betrayed,
And new peruerct a reconciled Maide.

FINIS.





